1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

132 itself out. In the red sand one is quite safe. Its specific
●[134] gravity is considerably greater than that of white or yellow sand, and after sufficient winter rain it is more or less covered with some vegetation.

My comrades, however, were of the opinion that the strength of the storm was already broken, that it could not possibly last longer than two days. We therefore continued our ride, hoping to see on the morrow the sun shining again on a tranquil land. But the third day was a repetition of the second, a howling gale, clouds, whirling sand, and no visibility beyond ten paces.

The heat would have been tolerable, but the air was so sultry that we dripped sweat from every pore. The perspiration could not evaporate in this muggy air, and to this discomfort was added the irritation from the driven dust. This was something new for me in Arabia. No matter how high the temperature, I had always found the air quite dry; even in winter, after rain or a thunderstorm, it will remain light and refreshing.

Half-suffocated by day, by night we were chilled to the bone by icy blasts that searched our moist bodies, and made them shake with ague.

Our hands and faces were chapped. Even our tongues ached, though we had plenty of water. The fine, white sand penetrated everywhere—under the clothes, into nose, ears, and eyes, and covering the hair. Our lips became parched; the eyes, the throat, the palate hot with inflammation and pain; the breath came in pants, the blood hammered heavily in the heart and in the temples.

Our camels dragged themselves along only with the utmost effort, groaning and complaining. In one of the